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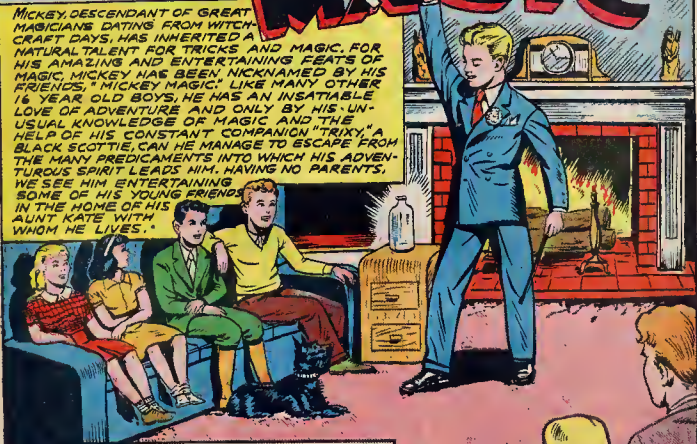
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MICKEY MAGIC

by
FONTAINE and GRADY

MICKEY, DESCENDANT OF GREAT MAGICIANS DATING FROM WITCH-CRAFT DAYS, HAS INHERITED A NATURAL TALENT FOR TRICKS AND MAGIC. FOR HIS AMAZING AND ENTERTAINING FEATS OF MAGIC, MICKEY HAS BEEN NICKNAMED BY HIS FRIENDS, "MICKEY MAGIC." LIKE MANY OTHER 16 YEAR OLD BOYS, HE HAS AN INSATIABLE LOVE OF ADVENTURE AND ONLY BY HIS UNUSUAL KNOWLEDGE OF MAGIC AND THE HELP OF HIS CONSTANT COMPANION "TRIXY," A BLACK SCOTTIE, CAN HE MANAGE TO ESCAPE FROM THE MANY PREDICAMENTS INTO WHICH HIS ADVENTUROUS SPIRIT LEADS HIM. HAVING NO PARENTS, WE SEE HIM ENTERTAINING SOME OF HIS YOUNG FRIENDS IN THE HOME OF HIS AUNT KATE WITH WHOM HE LIVES.



NOW WATCH CAREFULLY FOLKS. THIS IS THE LAST TRICK YOU'LL SEE ME DO UNTIL I GET BACK FROM MY VACATION.



MICKEY PLACES A LARGE COIN OVER A BOTTLE WITH A SMALL NECK . . .



THE COIN IS INSIDE THE BOTTLE! HOW OLD MICKEY DO THIS TRICK?



HOW MICKEY PASSED THE COIN INTO THE BOTTLE, AN OLD COIN OR TOKEN IS TURNED ON A LATHE TO CUT A GROOVE ALL AROUND ITS OUTER EDGE. THEN THE COIN IS CUT VERY NEATLY INTO THREE PARTS. THE PARTS ARE JOINED TOGETHER AGAIN WITH A SMALL RUBBER BAND INSERTED INTO THE GROOVE. THE COIN NOW WILL FOLD AND IS PASSED INTO THE BOTTLE. WHEN COIN PASSES NECK OF BOTTLE, RUBBER BAND WILL SPRING COIN FLAT.

AS MICKEY PACKS, HIS AUNT CAUTIONS HIM ABOUT VACATIONING ALONE.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME AUNT KATE, I WON'T GET LOST.

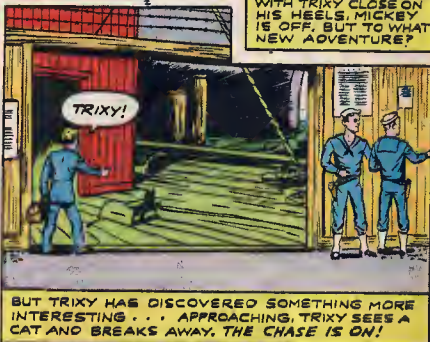
COME ON, TRIXY!



A SHIP TAKING ON CARGO CAUSES THE TWO TO PAUSE A MOMENT. . .



GEE, I WONDER WHERE THAT SHIP IS GOING?



BUT TRIXY HAS DISCOVERED SOMETHING MORE INTERESTING . . . APPROACHING, TRIXY SEES A CAT AND BREAKS AWAY. THE CHASE IS ON!



HEY!

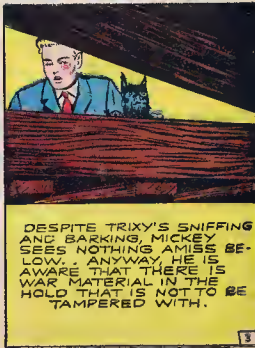
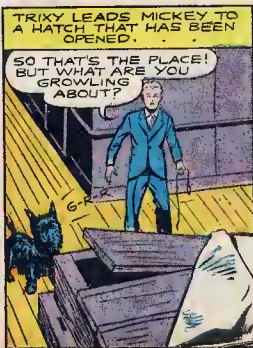
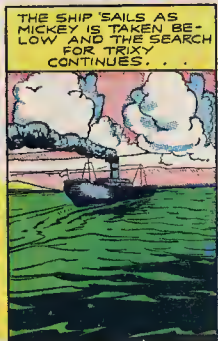
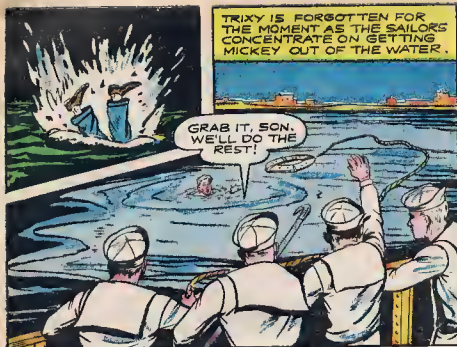


THE GUARD PICKS UP THE CHASE.. AND MICKEY IS CLOSE BEHIND HIM. . .



HELP!

UNACCUSTOMED TO GANG-PLANKS, MICKEY CATCHES HIS FOOT. . HE STUMBLES THROUGH THE ROPES. . .



THAT EVENING, TRIXY
CHOSES TO EAT NEXT TO
THE HOLD WHICH HAS SO
KEENLY ATTRACTED HIM..

YOU WANT IT
HERE? OKAY.



BUT AS MICKEY WALKS AWAY. . .



WHAT'S HAPPENED
NOW? HEY YOU, LET
GO OF MY
DOG!



HELP!

SILENCE!



BOUND AND GAGGED,
MICKEY AND TRIXY ARE
DRAGGED INTO THE
HOLD. . .



THE SEAMAN ON
WATCH, HEARING
NOISES, INVESTI-
GATES, BUT ALL IS
QUIET. . .

NOW WHAT THE
DEUCE CAUSED
THAT RACKET?



MICKEY LEARNS THAT
THESE TWO THUGS ARE
JAP AGENTS, THEIR
MISSION BEING TO CON-
TACT A JAP SUBMARINE
AND ASSIST IN TAKING
OVER THE SHIP INTACT
WITH THE CARGO. . .



IN THE MEANTIME, THE
CREW MISSES TRIXY. . .

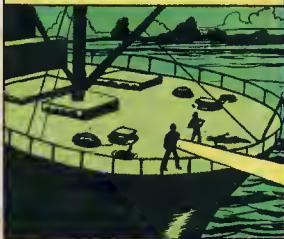
WHAT'S HAPPENED
TO OUR YOUNG
FRIEND AND HIS
DOG? I HAVEN'T
SEEN THEM SINCE
EARLY EVENING.



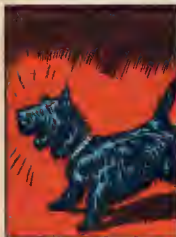
A SUB'S PERISCOPE
FOLLOWS IN THE
SHIP'S WAKE. . .



THE TWO JAP AGENTS
CRAWL OUT OF THE HOLD
AND MAKE THEIR WAY TO
THE SHIP'S STERN. THE
SEAMAN ON WATCH IS
BLACKJACKED AND THE
SIGNAL SET UP FOR THE
JAP SUBMARINE. . .



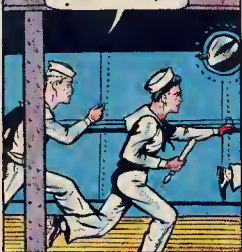
REMEMBERING AN
OLD HINDU TRICK
WHEN THE THUGS
TIED HIS HANDS,
MICKEY SLIPPED
HIS TWO FINGERS
INTO THE KNOT. IT
IS AN EASY
MATTER TO
LOOSEN THE
KNOTS AND FREE
HIMSELF AND
TRIXY. . .



TRIXY LOSES NO
TIME BOUNDING
OUT OF THE HOLD
AND STARTS A
BARRAGE OF
BARKING. . .

SEVERAL OF THE CREW
SEARCHING FOR MICKEY,
HEARING TRIXY BARK,
COME "ON THE DOUBLE".

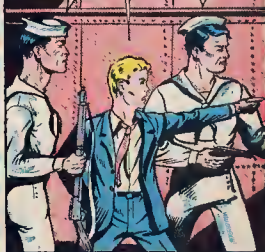
WHERE HAVE THOSE
TWO BEEN?



DOWN AT THE STERN!
TWO JAP AGENTS!!!

WHAT!?

LET'S GO,
CHUMS!



BUT MICKEY HAS PREPARED A SURPRISE
FOR THE TWO THUGS. . . A ROPE TIED
ACROSS THE BULKHEADS CLOSE TO THE
DECK. . .



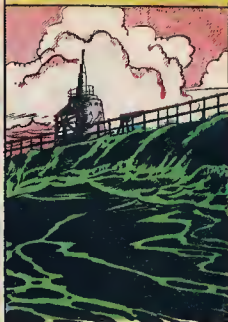
..AND A COAT OF OIL
SPREAD ON THE DECK!
THE THUGS SLIDE
OVERBOARD.



GOOD
RIDDANCE!



THE JAP SUB APPEARS.



LATER THAT EVENING,
THE CREW CELEBRATES
MICKEY, WITH TRIXY'S
HELP ENTERTAINS WITH
A SIMPLE TRICK. . .

.. AND RECEIVES AN UN-
EXPECTED WELCOME. . .



DOES EVERYONE
SEE WHICH CARD
THIS IS?



I PUT THE CARD BACK
IN THE PACK AND
SHUFFLE IT, THEN
SLIDE THEM OUT ON
THE FLOOR LIKE THIS.
NOW, TRIXY OL' BOY,
SHOW THESE FELLERS
HOW SMART YOU ARE.



TRIXY RUNS OVER
AND PICKS OUT THE
RIGHT CARD.

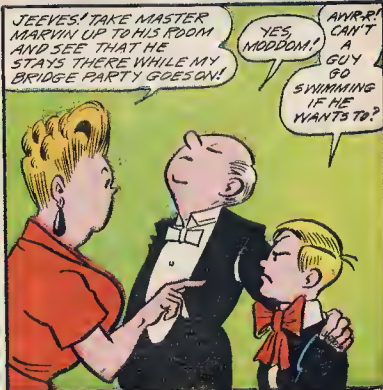
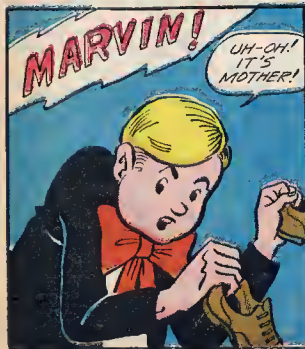
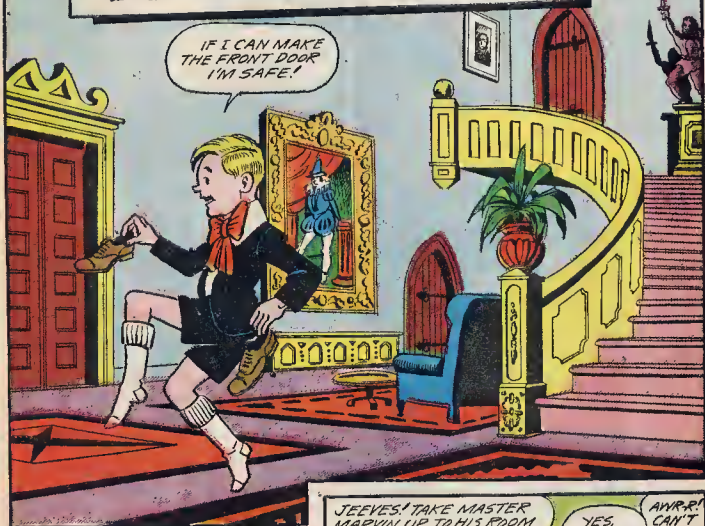


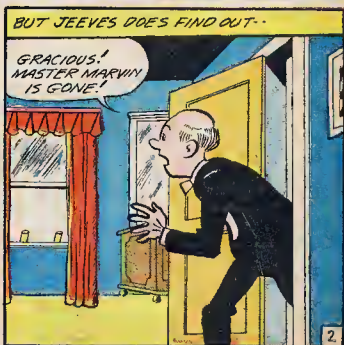
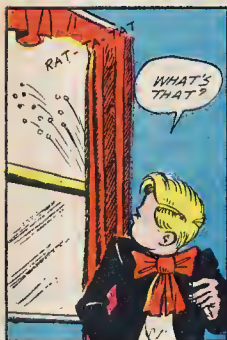
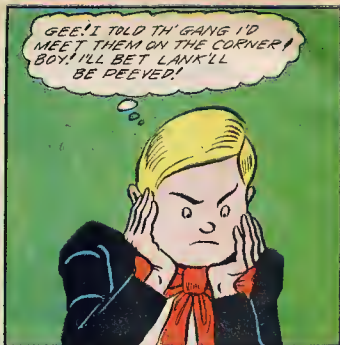
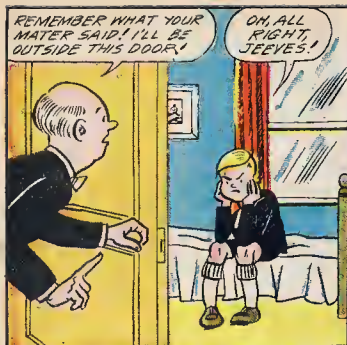
GOOD BOY! BUT
I GUESS WE'D
BETTER EXPLAIN
THIS ONE TO
THE FOLKS.

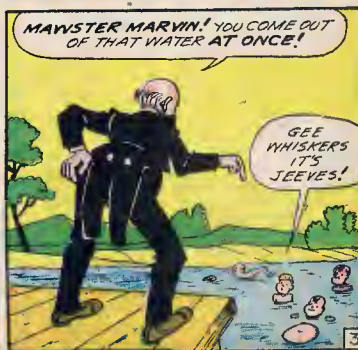
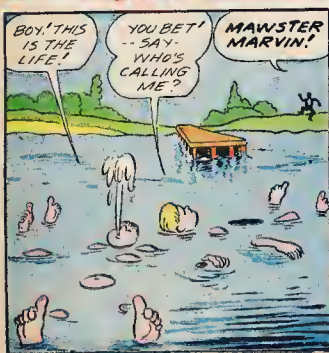
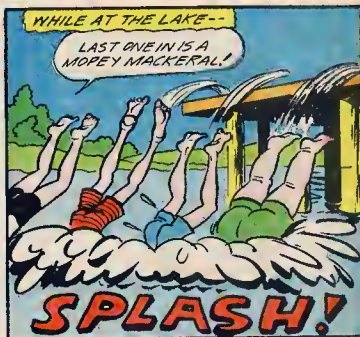
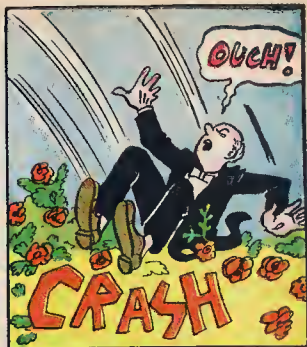
YOU SEE, TRIXY AL-
WAYS PICKS THE
RIGHT CARD.
ESPECIALLY
WHEN I RUB
THE CARD
WITH A
LITTLE
PIECE OF
MEAT.

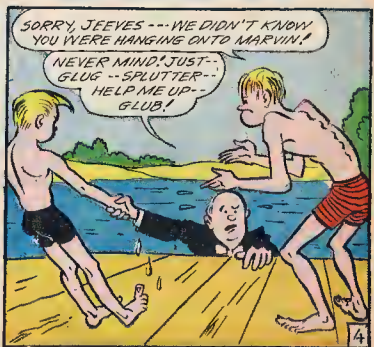
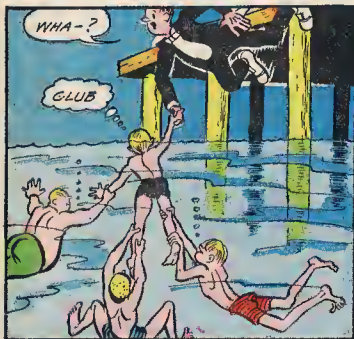
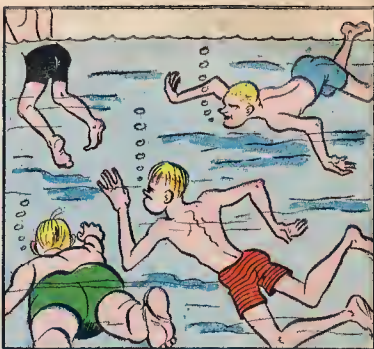


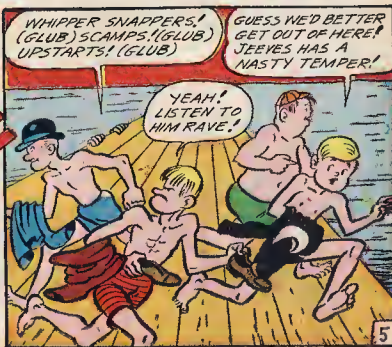
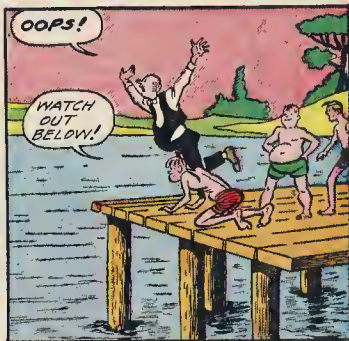
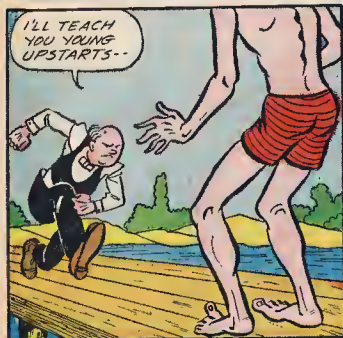
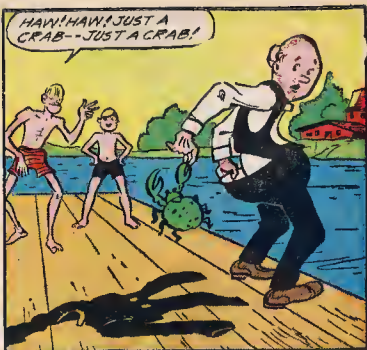
MASTER MARVIN

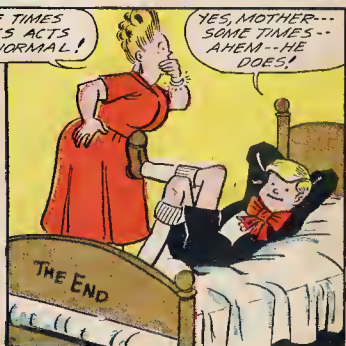
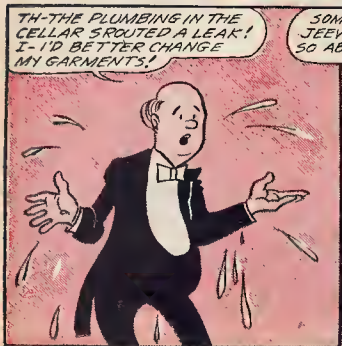
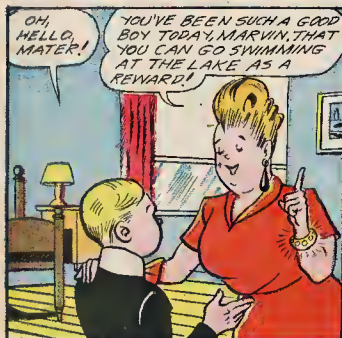
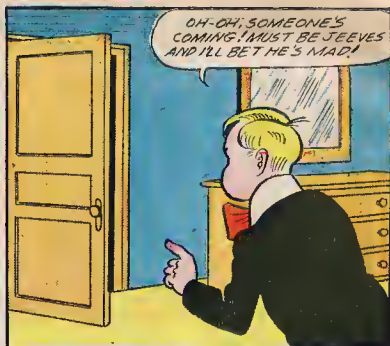
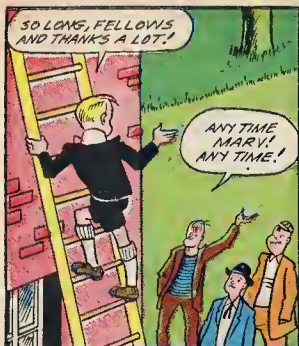












BUCK FARREL

TRINIDAD---PORT OF SPAIN---ALONG THE COLORFUL ADVENTURE LANES OF THE CARIBBEAN WHERE BUCK FARREL, MASTER OF THE SUZY Q AWAITS THE FINAL LOADING OF HIS SHIP WITH SUPPLIES!

HEY, SLATS! WHERE DID MY FIRST MATE, "CORNY" SHALE GO TO?

HE GO QUEEK TO PORT AW-THUR-ITY FOR SAILING PERMIT!

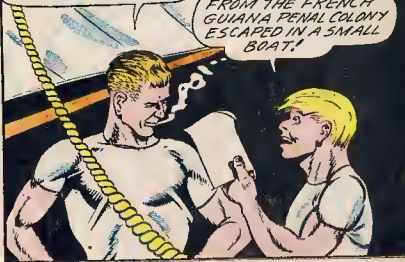


LATER

LOOK, BOSS MAN BUCK! NOW COME IN HURRY MATE CORNY!

LISTEN, EBB TIDE EDITION OF MANHOOD! WHAT KEPT YOU?

HERE'S THE SAILING PERMIT, BUCK! AND LISTEN---SIX CON'S FROM THE FRENCH GUIANA PENAL COLONY ESCAPED IN A SMALL BOAT!



WHO'S INTERESTED
IN THE ESCAPE OF A
BUNCH OF PRISONERS?
LET'S GO! THE WIND
AND TIDE'S JUST
RIGHT!



WE'VE GOT TO
MAKE CAYENNE,
FRENCH GUIANA
IN TWO DAYS OR
LOSE THAT
SHIPMENT!



RIGHT,
BUCK!
WE'LL
MAKE
IT!

CORNY, GET BELOW AND SEE
THAT THE FOOD IS PROPERLY
STOWED!

AYE,
BUCK!



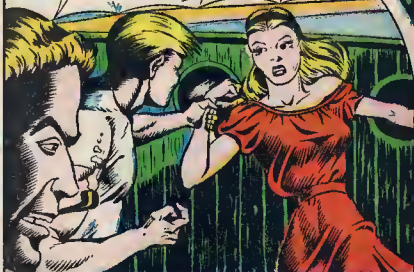
BUCK!
BUCK!

NOW WHAT --
WELL I'LL BE
A SALTED
MACKEREL!



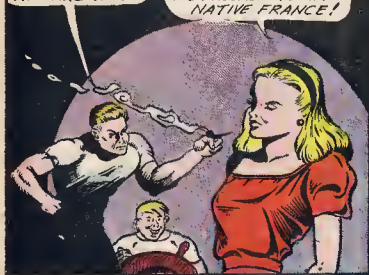
WHERE IN
THUNDER
DID YOU
FIND HER?

AIN'T SHE
A BEAUT OF
A STOWAWAY,
BUCK?



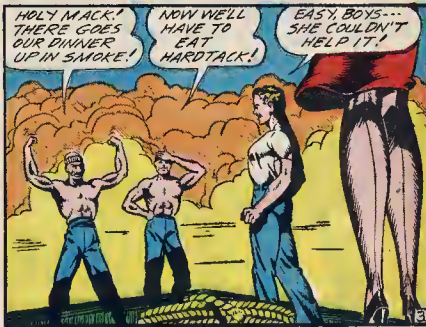
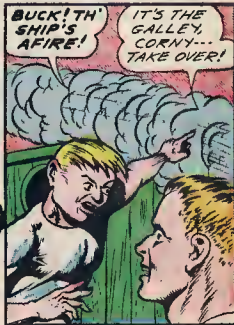
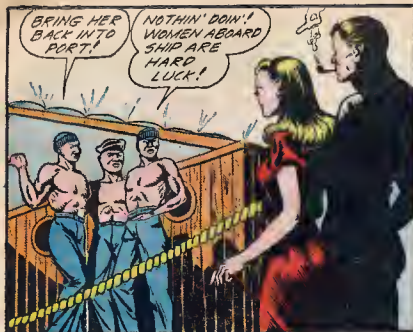
ALL RIGHT, SISTER--
SPILL IT, WHAT
BROUGHT YOU
ABOARD? AND
WHO ARE YOU?

I-I'M RONNIE LA FARGE--
I MUST GET TO CAYENNE!
THERE THE FRENCH
AUTHORITIES WILL ALLOW
ME PASSAGE TO MY
NATIVE FRANCE!



FRENCH REFUGEE, EH?
I GUESS IT WON'T HURT TO
DRAG YOU ALONG----BUT IT'S
UP TO THE CREW---WHAT
DO YOU SAY, BOYS?





SUDDENLY--

AH-OY!
SMALL BOAT
SIGHTED TO
STARBOARD!

FLOUNDERING SEAS! IT
MUST BE THOSE ESCAPEES
FROM THE PENAL COLONY!
THERE ARE SIX MEN IN THE
BOAT! HEAVE TO!

WHAT A MESS!
THEY LOOK DEAD!
GET THEM
ABOARD, MEN!

BUCK!
HE'S GOT
A GUN!

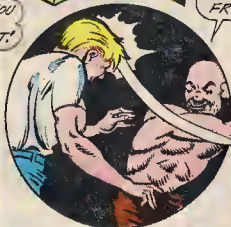
NOW THAT WE
HAVE 'EM,
WHAT DO WE
DO WITH 'EM?

SEE IF ANY
ARE ALIVE AND
TAKE THEM
BACK TO
FRENCH GUIANA!

IT'S A
TRICK,
BUCK!

YES, GOOD FINE ONE,
NO? PEPE AND HIS
MEN TAKE OVER
YOUR SHIP---SAIL
AROUND THE HORN
AND THEN TO
FREEDOM! HA!

THAT EES WHAT YOU
THEENK---PEPE WEE!
NEVAIR GO BACK TO THAT
STEENK HOLE!





THE CONVICTS BREAK INTO THE FOOD AND WINE STORES, AND SOON--

HO! FOOD! WINE AND BEAUTIFUL RONNIE! HO! HA!

YES-- BUT NOW RONNIE MUST BE EXCUSED!

MEANWHILE--

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT DAME? AFTER TREATING HER SO NICE SHE PALSY WALSY WITH THOSE DEVILS!

I GUESS I JUST DON'T KNOW MY WOMEN, CORNY!



NO, M'SIEU FARREL, YOU DON'T!

RONNIE!

AND SHE'S GOT THE CON'S WEAPONS!

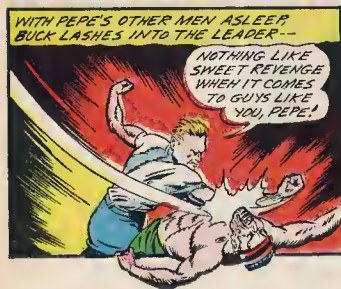
IN YOUR CABIN YOU WILL FIND THE DESPERATE ONES WET WITH WINE!

THANKS, RONNIE! FREE OUR BOYS, CORNY!

WITH PLEASURE!

SACRE! YOU'RE FREE!

BUT OF COURSE, SUCKER!



WITH PEPE'S OTHER MEN ASLEEP, BUCK LASHES INTO THE LEADER--

NOTHING LIKE SWEET REVENGE WHEN IT COMES TO GUYS LIKE YOU, PEPE!

MOMENTS LATER--

AND MY SHIP, MISS LA FARGE!

YOU CERTAINLY SAVED THE DAY FOR US, RONNIE!

JUST TO PROVE THAT I'M DESPERATE TO GET BACK TO FRANCE-- THAT EE'S ALL!

THE END

SIX-SHOOTER JUSTICE

THE way it turned out it couldn't be called luck, but anyway it was chance, that ex-marshall Tom Coyle saw the masked bandit hold up the stage that was due to reach Boon City before sundown. He drew on the pinto's bit and rubbed the animal's neck to quiet him. He wasn't close enough to stop the hold-up, but he might have been heard by the bandit. "Reckon that's Arid's tax money goin' into the Boon City Bank," Coyle told his horse. "Reckon, Pinto, we gotta do somethin' about it."

He waited only long enough to see the bandit catch the money sack and ride off toward the mesa. Then he spurred the pinto and the horse turned up the trail, the pinto's hoofs digging nervously into the dry clay bank.

At the top of the trail the horse broke into a sweat as he galloped across the mesa that overlooked the cottonwoods. There Coyle got off the horse and held the reins in one hand, gripped his gun in the other.

From the point at the edge of the rock beside the narrow down trail, he made out the form of the bandit approaching on a roan. The bandana that had covered his face was down around his neck. Coyle watched the figure growing clearer as he approached. There was something strikingly familiar in the way the man rode, and as he drew nearer, Coyle realized that he was about as large as himself. Perhaps a little heavier. Suddenly Coyle caught his breath, realizing the bandit was Gus Freemont.

By now Freemont was just beneath him. Coyle drew his six-gun up and drew a bead on the bandit.

"Git yore hands up high, Gus," he shouted.

Coyle scuffed the loose rock ahead of him as he led the horse down the steep trail to Freemont. Gus Freemont read the dead earnestness in Coyle's eyes. He kept his hands in the air.

"Shell out that money yuh just stole from the stage," Coyle ordered.

"Yuh got me all wrong, Tom. I ain't stole nothin'."

"Git off yore horse," said Coyle. "We'll see."

Freemont slid to the ground. Far off in the gathering darkness, on the flats before Boon City, Coyle saw a file of mounted men winding the trail between the rocks.

"There's a posse comin' thisaway already, Freemont. Reckon yuh better spring what yuh

know. They's durn impatient critters, Boon people." Freemont's head turned, his eyes wandering toward the slowly approaching posse.

"Come on," he said slowly. "I'll show yuh. I buried it."

Coyle followed Freemont down the narrow path, past the brush of fragrant sage that spotted the trail.

"No wonder yuh was helpin' Jake Madden git elected marshal! He was fer takin' Arid money in the Boon Bank. Me, I figgered it was dangerous and was agin' it! But I didn't reckon yuh'd be the thief—"

Freemont stopped suddenly and walked off the trail into a patch of sage. He leaned down. When he straightened he had the money sack in his left hand. His right he held behind him.

"Here's the bag," said Freemont. "I pitched it away, figurin' tuh git rid of it pronto. Didn't think anybody'd ever find it in these parts."

Coyle reached down for the bag. At that moment Freemont raised his right hand with a rock in it and crashed it hard. It struck Coyle in the temple and the former lawman muttered only a groan as he sank to the ground. Freemont picked Coyle's gun.

"Jake!" he shouted across the stillness of the night. "Jake Madden!"

There came an answering cry. The thud of horse hoofs clapped nearer as the posse approached.

Coyle's hands were tied behind his back. Bart Redfern who had ridden the stage in from Arid to deposit the money looked him over.

"Sure he done it," Redfern vowed. "Couldn't of been no other."

"Gives Boon City a mighty bad name," Freemont put in. "It don't help our law-body none, either. Reckon Coyle's right sore about losin' the election and wants tuh give yore office a black eye, on account of yuh wanted tuh take Arid's money." Freemont hesitated a moment, scanned the fifty angry faces of the posse. Men who had fought to give Boon City a good name there in the bad lands, a good name and a bank of its own. "Reckon, Jake, with all that agin' Coyle there's hardly need of a trial—durn near all Boon City bein' here!"

Coyle's checks burned. "Yuh low coyote, Freemont. If yuh want tuh string me up, how

yuh gonna tell where the loot is hidden? Yuh brin' so shore I done it!"

"Yuh'll tell," said Jake Madden. "For there won't be no necktie party here!

"Untie my hands then," said Coyle. "I ain't got a gun." He glanced sidewise at Freemont. In the fading twilight he saw the color draw from the bandit's face.

"Fair enough," said Madden. He strode over to Coyle, fingered the knots that tied Coyle's wrists.

Tom Coyle knew every inch of the terrain and the pinto was standing near him. With a quick turn he wrenched the marshal's gun from his hand. Madden barked a curse. Coyle swung into the saddle and dug his spurs into the pinto's sides. The horse turned at the slight touch of the reins, jumped clear of the sage. Coyle clung close to the saddle. Fifty shots whined at one time, ricocheting off the rocks, but the confusion was great and the light was poor. The pinto broke back onto the trail, widening the distance between Coyle and the posse.

Coyle turned and shot into the air. A shout arose behind him as the posse caught the direction. They came on and Coyle checked in the pinto until they just could see him.

The pinto took the trail back up to the higher mesa and Coyle waited at the top till he saw the posse was following his tracks. Then by the time Madden's horse led the others up the mesa, Coyle was across the stretch of level ground and into the cottonwoods.

He circled back and down the ridge. The posse saw him once more and their shots cracked in the night. He felt fairly safe, until he heard a shout from below. Redfern was leading a group up the back trail.

Coyle slid from the pinto to the ground. Afoot, he waited for Redfern's men to catch up to him. Coyle raised his arms in the air.

"Okay, Redfern," he said. "Call in the others." Then he shook his head. "No, let 'em come up. They're headin' this way, anyhow."

"Yuh ain't the one tuh be givin' orders," Redfern said.

"Yuh want my neck?" Coyne asked. "Or are yuh more anxious tuh know who done the robbin' of the stage?"

"Reckon we know who done it," said Redfern. "But what's yore claim?"

Madden and the rest of the posse approached. Redfern spoke as they drew up.

"Coyle wants tuh prove he didn't rob the stage," Redfern said.

Coyle broke in. "Shucks, Madden, yuh know I could of lost yuh twice over in this country. But I didn't, did I?"

Madden shook his head. "I don't savvy. Yuh shore could of. I can't deny it."

"I ain't armed," Coyle argued. "I can prove I didn't rob the stage. If yuh and Redfern'll come along with me. No one else."

There was a general protest. Madden turned to the men.

"We'll keep him covered, men," he said. "One false move an' he tastes lead. He had a good record as a lawman. And he's got tuh prove he's innocent beyond a doubt."

Coyle kept his hands in the air as he climbed down the rocky bank to the main trail.

"Don't make no more noise than yuh can help," Coyle said.

They moved quietly. Behind them they heard an angry murmur of voices from the possemen. The sound of it covered their movements, detracted from the noise of their boots on the gravel. Suddenly Coyle stopped. He signaled Redfern and Madden in silence. He brushed aside a spray of sage back of which they had crouched. Madden and Redfern caught their breath. Below them off the trail Freemont was scooping earth with a spade.

"I been followin' that sound all down the trail," Coyle said. "Keep back here. I'll go in alone. If I try anything yuh can let me have it!"

Coyle stepped forward as Madden nodded his head. He stopped behind Freemont.

"Get 'em up, Freemont," he snarled.

Freemont spun about, his mouth agape. Coyle held his index and middle finger extended and close to his side, as if it were his six gun.

"You! I thought—!" Freemont's hands trembled. From them a stack of money dropped to the ground. Suddenly he saw Coyle's hand, realized that he had no gun. His hand whipped to his gun belt.

Coyle sprang forward, gripped at Freemont's wrist as the gun cracked.

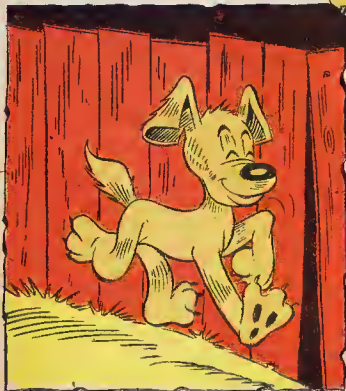
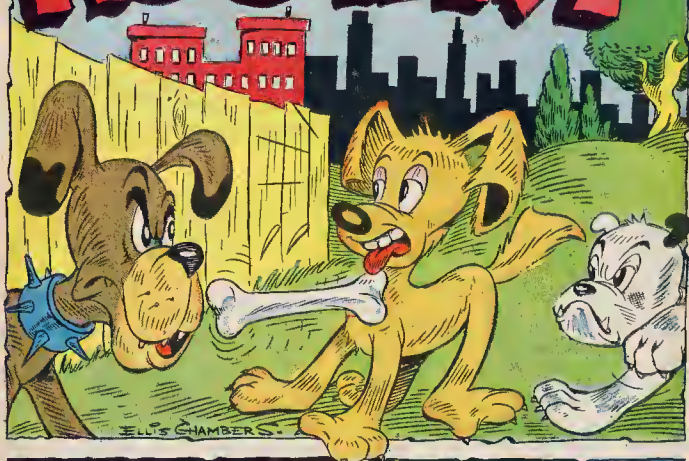
"There's five more shots, Coyle!" Freemont gasped with a straining voice. "You'll git one! They'll never know!"

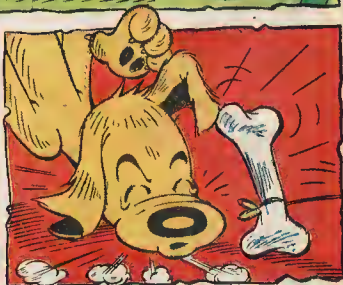
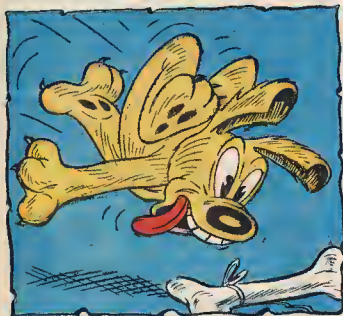
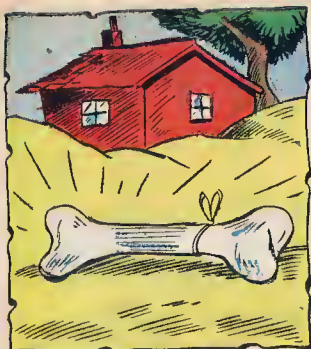
"There's about three hundred shots waitin' fer you, Freemont!" It was Madden's voice.

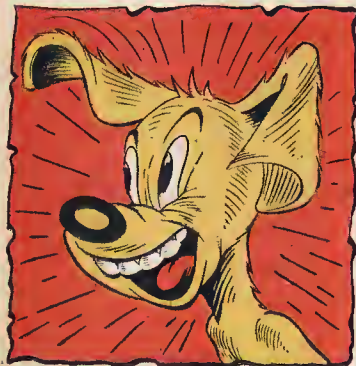
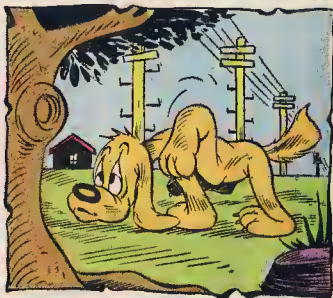
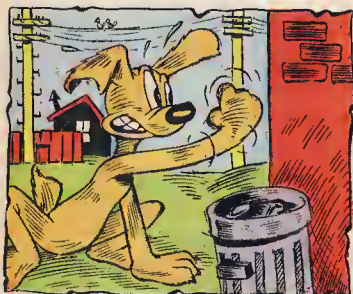
Freemont raised his hands. Madden came in and took his gun away.

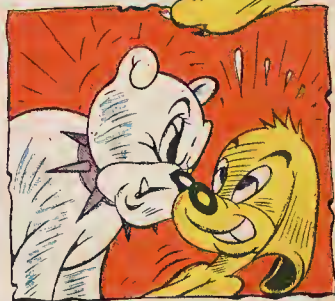
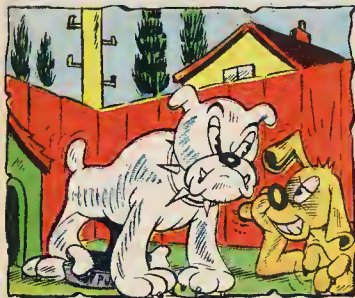
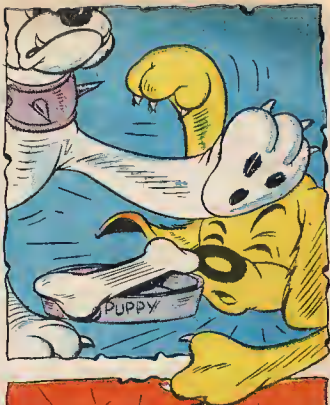
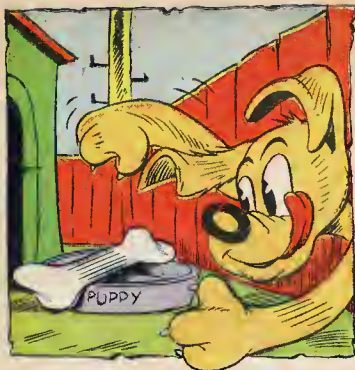
"I knew Freemont thought I might of seen him 'hide the wad," Coyle explained. "So I drawed the posse away and give him a chance tuh show his hand." He chuckled before he added, "Shucks, if I hadn't clean scared the pants off him, he might just now of claimed at least I was an accomplice. I shore am glad he didn't. I'd of had a sweet time explainin' myself out of that 'un!"

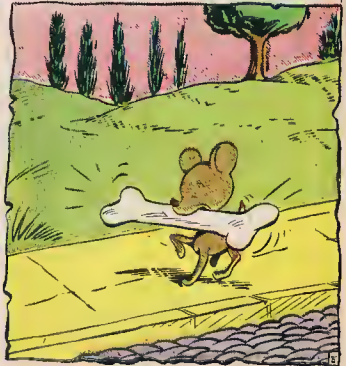
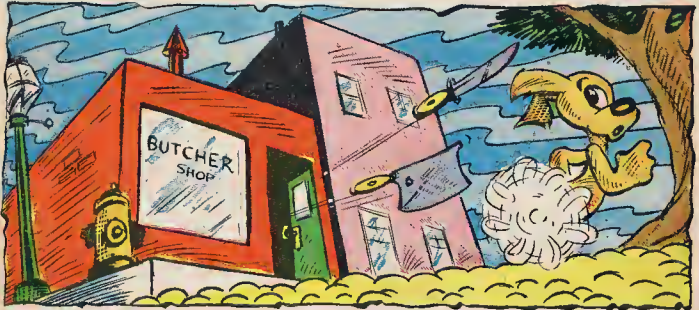
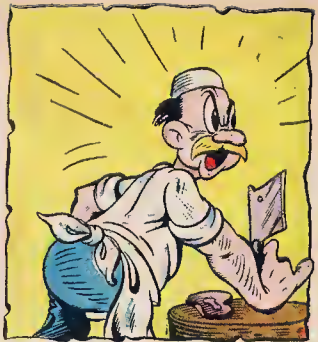
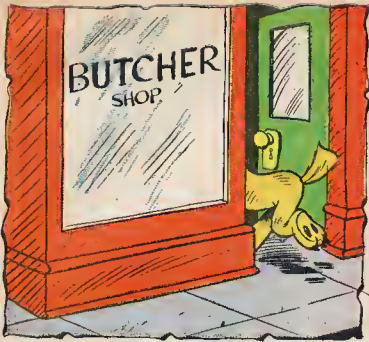
HUBERT

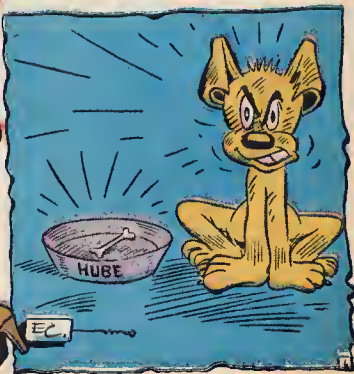
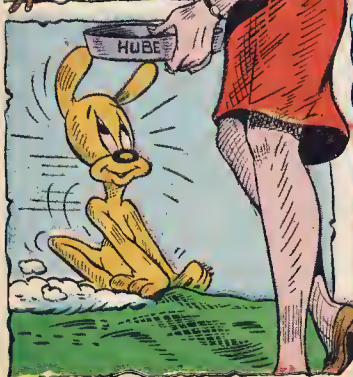
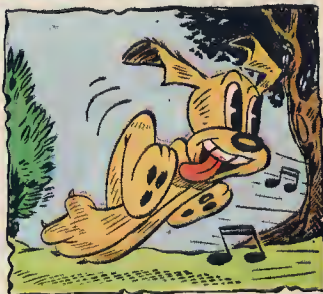
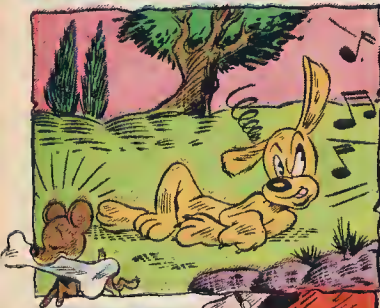
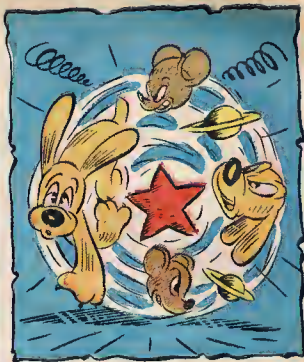












CLUE KELLY

BY KEVE
CRAIG

I DON'T MIND BEING
CALLED DOWN TO
FLORIDA ON A HUSH
CASE FOR THE ALLIED
AIRLINES, BUT I CAN'T
SAY THIS IS MY FAVORITE
FLYING WEATHER.

THE STORM SEEMS
TO BE GETTING
WORSE, KELLY. DO
YOU THINK WE'LL
GET THROUGH?



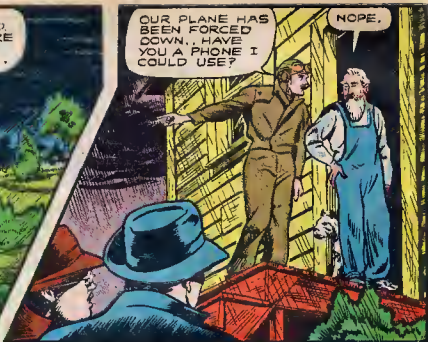
THESE PLANES
ARE PLENTY
SAFE. DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
THAT.. IT'S
MISSING THE
SIGHTS THAT
GETS ME.

FASTEN YOUR SAFETY
BELTS, FOLKS. WE'VE
GOT TO GO DOWN..
CAN'T GET THROUGH
THIS STORM. KEEP
COOL.. EVERYTHING'S
UNDER CONTROL.





KEEP TOGETHER, FOLKS.
THERE'S A HOUSE AHEAD.
I'VE GOT TO REPORT WE'RE
GROUNDED, MEANWHILE
YOU'LL HAVE SHELTER...



OUR PLANE HAS
BEEN FORCED
DOWN. HAVE
YOU A PHONE I
COULD USE?

NOPE.



AIN'T NO PHONE..
AIN'T NOTHIN'..
JEST ME, TOWN'S
FIVE MILES DOWN
THE ROAD YOU
CAN GET THAR BY
WALKIN'...

WE CAN'T DO
THAT IN THIS
WEATHER, CAN
YOU PUT US UP
FOR THE
NIGHT?

WELL..
MAYBE
YOU'RE
RIGHT.
COME
IN.

THAT'S BETTER.
THANKS. I'LL GO
BACK TO THE
SHIP AND GET
SOME LUGGAGE..

THIS EX-
CITEMENT
HAS ME
ALL FASGOD
OUT.

I'LL GIVE
YOU A
HAND, PAL..



SAY, KELLY. LOOKS FUNNY,
DON'T IT? THIS OLD BIRD
LIVING ALONE AN' NOT BEIN'
TOO KEEN TO HELP US
OUT...

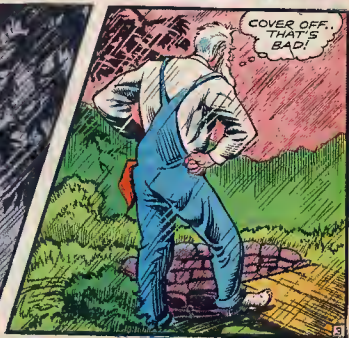
UMMMM...

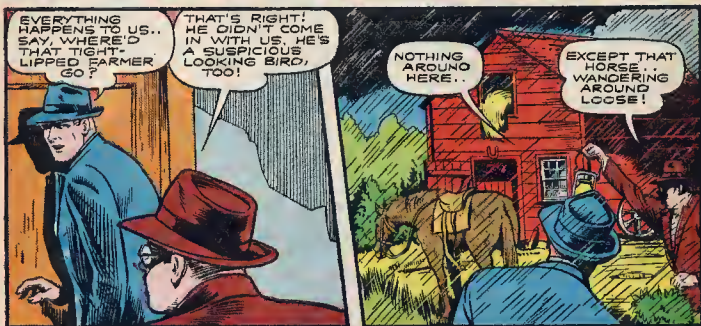
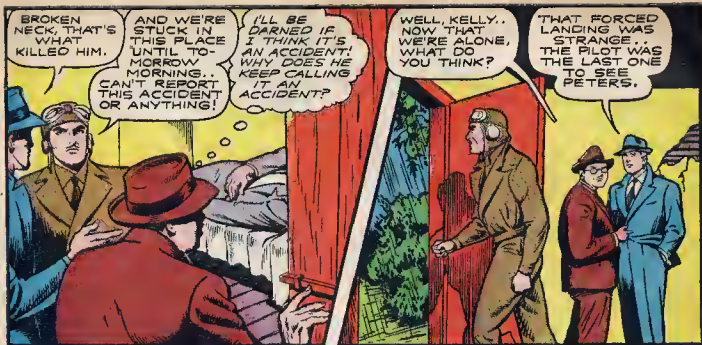


IT'S GROWN
PITCH BLACK
OUTSIDE.
HAVE YOU GOT
A FLASHLIGHT
OR SOMETHING
WE COULD
BORROW?

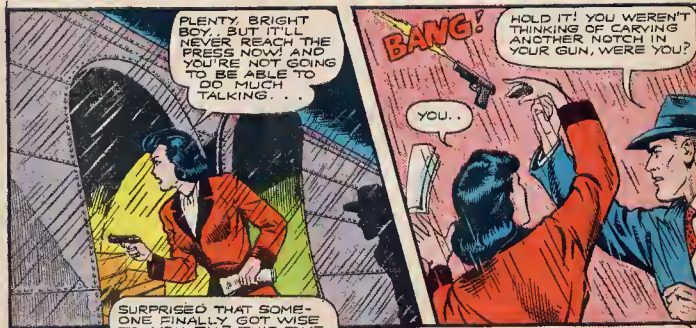
GOT A LANTERN.
WAIT, I'LL FETCH
IT.

COME ON,
TEX..
SUPPOSE
WE HELP
OUT HERE..









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Fed. Tax

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postage and 20% Federal Tax on arrival.

NAME _____
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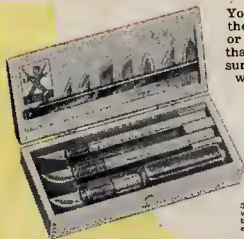


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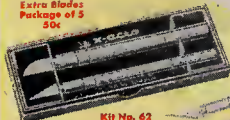


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